

FAVORITE QUOTATIONS



1938

PREFACE.

Speed away, little book
On your mission so cheery,
With beautiful thoughts
For the young and old;
May it help the light hearted
And be to the weary
A comforting message of value untold.

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DOUGLAS, MANITOBA.

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DREAMS.

I love to dream of rivers
Of giant waterfalls
Of the rich and powerful Romans
Of Minstrels and of thalls
I like to dream of fairies,
Of castles and kings,
I like to dream of forests
And many other things.

- - - - -

If you can't be the highway, then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
For isn't by size that you win or you fail
Be the best of whatever you are!

Mrs. W. T. Muirhead.

- - - - -

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bid an evening guest!
But joy will come with early light.

Mrs. Reg. Brown.

Isn't it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns who caper in sawdust rings,
And common folk like you and me
Are builders for eternity?

To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass, and book of rules;
And each must make, ere life has flown,
A stumbling block or stepping stone.

- Massie Noble, Elkhorn, Man.

- - - - -

God so loved the world
That He gave His only begotten son
That who soever believeth on Him
Should not perish but have everlasting life.

-Mrs. T. C. Gillespie, Gluskin Hill, Alta.

- - - - -

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build. (Longfellow)

- Mrs. J. Davidson.

- - - - -

A SEEKER..

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one;
May hope to achieve it before life is done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him sows
A harvest of barren regrets. (O. Meredith)

- James L. Fortey,

- - - - -

PIPPA'S SONG.

The years at the Spring;
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven,
The hillsides dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven;
All's right with the world. (Robt. Browning)

- Mrs. D. Campbell, Regina, Sask.

- - - - -

THE CLOCK OF LIFE

The clock of Life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell just when the hands will stop,
At late or early hour.

Now is the only time you own,
Live, love, toil with a will,
Place no faith in tomorrow for
The clock may then be still.

- Mary A. Brandt,

- - - - -

LO, I AM THERE.

We had no temples grand, or altars there,
Where we could worship God in stately prayer,
Only a windswept waste of country side,
Old barns and haystacks huddled side by side.

A bunch of cattle in a rude corral,
A few wind-tattered willows by the weel,
And yet somehow at eventide we found
God's footsteps printed on that lonely ground.

(Edna Jaques)

- Mrs. S. Lowden.

- - - - -

MY MISSION.

If I can make one heart a little lighter
If I can make one day a little brighter
If I can make one hand a little stronger
To do its given task a little longer
If I can make one life a little purer
The way its soul must take a little surer,
Then I will do my work with joy today
And thank my God I have come this way.

(Author, J. Sherman Wallace)

-M. Muriel Smith,

- - - - -

If I can stop one heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain,
If I can ease one life the aching
Or cool one pain
Or help one fainting robin unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain. (Emily Dickinson)

- Mrs. Harry Duncalfe.

- - - - -

Not how much - but how well!

-Gladys Farley,

- - - - -

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

(Lord Tennyson)

- Muriel McAdam, Minnedosa.

- - - - -

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs,
He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts
the best.

(P.J.Bailey)

-Mrs G. E. Farley,

- - - - -

A word may part the dearest friends,
One little unkind word
Which in some light unguarded hour
The heart with anger stirred.

One little act of kindness done,
One little kind word spoken,
Hath power to make a thrill of joy
E'en in a heart that's broken.

- Mrs. W. Black.

- - - - -

Onward, upward, marching forward,
To the things before,
Letting go, the weights that hindered
Evermore. (Mary E? Kendrew)
- G. Maltin.

- - - - -

'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dogs bark,
Bay deep mouth welcome as we draw near home,
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark,
Our coming and look brighter when we come.
(Byron)

* E. Slator,

- - - - -

"How can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?"
- Evelyn Allen.

- - - - -

In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.
- Gwen Farley.

- - - - -

What do we live for if not to make life less difficult
for each other.
- Mrs. Thomas Black.

- - - - -

Never bear more than one trouble at a time,
Some bear three - all they ever had,
All they have now, all they expect to have.

- Mrs. R. G. Gillespie.

- - - - -

'Tis the human touch in this world, that counts,
The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the fainting heart,
Than shelter and bread and wone.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice
Sing in the soul away.

E. V. Perry, Estevan, Sask.

- - - - -

I dare not ask your very all, I only ask a part,
Bring me, when many duties call
Your aching heart.
Give other friends your lighted face
The laughter of the years -
I come to crave a greater grace,
Bring me your tears.

- Grace Perry, Kelowna, B.C.

- - - - -

Look at a garden and love the world;
Breathe the fragrance of summer air,
Touch the heart of a flower uncurled;
Lie in a garden and say a prayer.
Sway to the music of bending trees;
Wade in the rush of a hidden brook.
Secrets of happiness lie in these
If only you open your heart, and look.

(Betty Noyes)

- Mrs. W.A. Muirhead, Winnipeg.

- - - - -

There's a world of consolation
In the handclasp of a friend,
When you're blue and sick and lonely
It will strengthen, yes, and mend.
Oh! the hands outstretched to greet you,
Are the index to men's hearts
For back of the steady hand clasp
Is the strength that God imparts.

(H. Brokan)

- Ruth Blair, Douglas.

- - - - -

Here's to those who do their part
To make life's journey smooth and glad.

- W. Syme.

- - - - -

It is'nt the thing you do dear
Its the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten
The letter you did not write
The flower you might have sent dear
Are your haunting ghosts at night.

- Muriel Perry, Estevan, Sask.

- - - - -

Is it raining little flower ?
Be glad of rain;
Too much sun would wither thee,
'Twill smile again.
The clouds are very dark 'tis true,
But just behind it shines the blue.

Art thou weary tender heart ?
Be glad of pain;
In sorrow sweetest things may grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches and thou will have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

- R. E. McCullagh.

- - - - -

A little while the parting here
Then, bye-and-bye, with joy to meet
The loved ones whom we held so dear -
He giveth His beloved sleep.
- Mrs. Geo. Boles.

- - - - -

FAR GOALS.

Set not your goal too near at hand,
Lest it be early won,
And you, content with some small aim,
Leave greater tasks undone.

No great ship on its out-bound way,
But seeks some harbor far,
And every hill, however high,
Looks upward to a star.

(Frances Crosby Hamlet)

- Mrs. N.R.McDonald, Weyburn, Sask.

- - - - -

To have what we want is riches!
To be able to do without is power.

- Mrs. John Muirhead, Sr.

- - - - -

It is of infinite importance that we live for the best things.
It is not enough to be a Christian, many Christians make but
little of their lives, because they choose inferior things.
Nothing is worth while that is not eternal, which will not
permanently enrich our character, which will not make the
world better, sweeter, happier, and which we cannot carry
with us into the after life. (Anonymous)

- Mrs. R. E. McCullagh.

- - - - -

It's easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows on like a song,
But the man worth while is the man who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

- Ivan Duncalfe.

- - - - -

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion;
It is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great
man is he, who in the midst of the crowd, can keep with per-
fect sweetness the independence of solitude." (R.W. Emerson)

- Dorothy Cadwell, Winnipeg.

- - - - -

KINDNESS.

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.

- Delores Muirhead.

- - - - -

We may build more splendid habitations, fill our
rooms with paintings and sculpture, but we cannot
buy with gold, old associations. (Longfellow)

- Mrs. E.J. Peacock, Ridgedale, Sask.

- - - - -

Far must thy researches go
Wouldst thou learn the world to know;
Thou must tempt the dark abyss
Wouldst thou prove what Being is;
Naught but firmness gains the prize,
Naught but fullness makes us wise,
Buried deep truth e'er lies. (Schiller)

- Bertha McPherson.

- - - - -

The thing that precious, more than gold,
The thing that is not bought or sold,
Something that's ever new, yet old, "Friendship."

- Mrs. J. D. Mitchell.

- - - - -

HOW LITTLE IT COSTS.

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day,
Just one kind word or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way.

It costs so little, I wonder why
We give it no little thought,
A smile, kind word, a glance, a touch,
What magic by them is wrought.

- Marie McDonald, Weyburn, Sask.

- - - - -

OUR SABBATH.

A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content
And strength for toils of tomorrow.
A Sabbath profaned, whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

(Mrs. D. M. Hockyn)

- Mrs. D. McKeand.

- - - - -

ECHOES.

Oh, must I always, always hear,
Your footsteps going away
Along a city's narrow street
That edged a rainy day.

A silence would be lonlier,
But not so hard to bear
As steps that walk across my heart
And don't go anywhere.

- Mrs. M. Willmott.

- - - - -

MY HOUSE.

I have a house that's wee and white,
Not much of a place to see,
But golden sunshine lives there too
And fills the rooms - all three.

Just three rooms in this house of mine
With roses by the door,
But love lives in all its rooms,
What use have I for more? (Burrall Bryson)

- Mrs. Jas. McLean.

- - - - -

THE BUILDERS.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the Gods see everywhere.
Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean. (Longfellow)

- Mr. W.J.Muirhead.

- - - - -

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
(Wordsworth)

- Mrs. W. J. Muirhead.

- - - - -

With mercy and with judgment my web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow were lusted by His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided, I'll bless the heart
that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth, in Immanuel's land.
-Wm. M. Roberts, Dundee, Scotland.

"Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest,
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life
And pass it on to other folk."

- Eva McGuilagh, Winnipeg.

- - - - -

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by -
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the Scorners' seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban -
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

- Mrs. John Muirhead, Jr.

- - - - -

"In this sweet book I would insert,
This littke short advice,
That if ye write things to divert,
Be sure that ye think twice.
Be careful that the truth ye give
In every word and line,
Remember that your writings live,
When sleep in death is thine." (Duncan McIntosh)

- Mr. James Moore, Sr.

- - - - -

REWARDS.

We get back our mete as we measure,
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain measure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow,
And straight for the children of men.

- Mrs. S.A. Muirhead.

- - - - -

Some hae meat and cannot eat
And some wouldn't eat that wants it
But we hae meat and we can eat
So let the Lord be thankit.

- Bill Syme.

- - - - -

"Thou. will keep him in perfect peace,
Whose mind is stayed on thee;
Because he trusteth in thee.

Isa. 26-3.

- Mr. A. Monkman, Wellwood, Man.

- - - - -

Another dawn, another day,
Another chance, another way -
To finish something you began,
Or else to try another plan."

- Mrs. E. Wall, Wellwood, Man.

- - - - -

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful hands, are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment, the whole day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly errands to and fro -
Down humblest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful faces are those that wear -
It matters little if dark or fair -
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

- Mrs. S. Portlock.

- - - - -

Angry words too oft are spoken,
Evil thoughts by them are stirred,
Brightest links of life are broken,
By a single hasty word.

Angry words, Oh let them never,
From the tongue unbridled slip,
May a gentle spirit ever,
Check them e'er they soil thy lips.

- Mrs. W.A. Moore.

- - - - -

Let every day be mother's day
Make roses grow along her way
And beauty everywhere,
Oh, never let her eyes be wet,
With tears of sorrow or regret.
And never cease to care!
Come, grown-up children, and rejoice
That you can hear your mother's voice.

- Margaret Muirhead.

- - - - -

"Life is sweet brother; there's day and nite, brother,
both sweet things: Sun, moon, and stars, brother, all
sweet things. Likewise the wind upon the heath. (Barrow)

- Mrs. J.W.Ford.

- - - - -

"He is not dead, this friend: not dead
But on some road, by mortals tread
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end:
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this
Friend you fancy dead."

(From the "Doctor"

- Mrs. W. R. Moorehead.

- - - - -

I know as my life grows older, and my eyes have clear sight,
That under each rank wrong somewhere, there lies the root
of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose, by the sorrowing oft
unguessed;
That as sure as the sun brings morning, whatever is, is
best.

- Mrs. Ed. Muirhead.

- - - - -

Life came to this body unasked, but it will not leave it
untasked,
Life's doings must be unmasked, so let me ply before God and
men,
To His glory and their good life's pen.

- Mrs. James Moore, Sr.

- - - - -

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard,
The ills of life depart
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

- E. Faggetter.

- - - - -

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast
'Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

- Mrs. F. Willmott.

- - - - -

Its because we have to struggle, its because we often fail;
Its because our cares are rugged and our pleasures all so frail,
Its because there's good to cherish and there's evil to revile,
And perfection is denied us that makes every joy worthwhile.

(Edgar Guest)

- Mrs. F. Westcott.

- - - - -

GOD HEARS PRAYER.

If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over a continent or sea;
If the petalled white notes of a violin
Are blown across the mountains or the city's dice;
If songs, like crimson roses, are culled from blue air
Why should mortals wonder if God hears prayer?

(Ethel R. Fuller)

- Margaret McKeand.

- - - - -

We may write our names in albums,
We may trace them in the sands,
We may chisel them in marble,
With a firm and skiffful hand
But the pages soon are sullied
Soon each name will fade away,
Like all earthly monuments
All will crumble and decay.

- Mrs. H. M. Gillespie, Earl Grey,

- - - - -

Sask.

Let our hearts be always cheerful,
Why should murmuring enter there
When our kind and loving Father
Makes us children of His care.

- Mrs. Minnie Madder.

- - - - -

There's always work for willing hands
And wide the field of labor,
Do the work that Christ commands,
Nor leave it to thy neighbor.

* Mrs. Jas. B. Madder.

- - - - -

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,
The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the fainting heart
Than shelter and bread and wine,
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice
Sing on in the soul always. (Spencer M. Free)

- Ethel Sharman.

- - - - -

Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.
(Longfellow)

- Evelyn E. Slator.

- - - - -

What is the use of repining
For where there's a will there's a way,
Tomorrow the sun maybe shining
Although it be cloudy today.

* Mrs. Kirby, Brandon.

- - - - -

I'M GLAD

I'm glad the sky is painted blue;
And the earth is painted green;
And such a lot of nice fresh air
Is sandwiched in between.

- Orpha McCullagh, Winnipeg.

- - - - -

I know not the path of the sun,
The mystery of flowers and of trees,
I know not of wonders begun,
Nor depths of the wild circling seas;
But I know of a love that is divine,
Of a Saviour who died on the tree;
And I know that dear Saviour is mine,
And this knowledge is sufficient for me.

- Mrs. James Cox.

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ONE SHIP DRIVES EAST.

One ship drives east and another west,
While the selfsame breezes blow;
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale
That bids them where to go.

Like the winds of the air are the ways of fate,
As we journey along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,
And not the storm or the strife.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

- Orpha McCullagh, Winnipeg.

- - - - -

Build a little fence of trust,
Around today;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay,
Look not between the sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow,
But take whatever comes to thee
Of joy and sorrow. (Mary F. Butts)
- Mrs. John Campbell, Sparling.

- - - - -

A chance may win that by mischance was lost,
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few have all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.
(Southwell)

- Mrs. Ivan Duncalfe.

- - - - -

It isn't the times you have failed in your task
Its the times you have tried that will tell,
Its not the amount of hard work you have done
Its if its done truly and well.
Its how you rose up after falling that counts,
Not how many times that you fell.

- Kathleen Westcott.

- - - - -

A GOOD NAME

Men talk too much of gold and fame,
And not enough about a name,
And yet a good name's better far
Than all earth's glistening jewels are,
Who holds his name above all price
And chooses every sacrifice
To keep his earthly record clear,
Can face the world without a fear.

* Mrs. H. G. Haggquist, Regina.

- - - - -

True worth is in being, not seeming -
In doing each day that goes by,
Some little good - not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth. (Alice Carey)

- Mrs. Dan McLean.

- - - - -

Pause here my friend,
And cast your eye, as you
Are now, so once was I -
As I am now so you must be,
So prepare my friend to follow me,
To follow you I'm not content,
Until I know which way you went.
- May Willmott.

- - - - -

A FACE

I know a face - a lovely face,
As full of beauty as of grace,
A face of pleasure, ever bright,
In utter darkness it gives light,
A face that is itself like joy,
To have seen it I'm a lucky boy,
But I've a joy that have few other,
This lovely woman is my Mother.
(Edward W. Tennant)
- Mrs. Asplund.

- - - - -

Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your
prayers; be courteous to your creditors; keep your
digestion good; exercise; go slow and easy. Maybe
there are other things that your special case re-
quires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon
will give you a good lift. (Abraham Lincoln)
-Mrs. F. D. Brooks.

- - - - -

Red and yellow tulips and a lilac tree,
Red and yellow tulips and a house rent free,
A bowl for a goldfish, a place to hang my hat,
A place to roast apples and a lean black cat,
These are my wishes, what more could there be
You and waxen tulips and a lilac tree.

- Margaret Willmott.

- - - - -

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Like a gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours;
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers are sweet in death;
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath.

* Mrs. A. Dunseith.

- - - - -

"Use well the moment, what the hour
Brings for thy use is in thy power,
And what thou best canst understand,
Is just the thing lies nearest to thy hand.

(Goethe)

- Mrs. C. I. Johnston.

- - - - -

YOU.

You are the fellow who has to decide,
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside,
You are the fellow who makes up your mind
Whether you'll lead or linger behind;
Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar,
Or be content to stay where you are,
Take it or leave it, Here's something to do,
Just think it over -- its all up to you.

- Mrs. Donohoe.

- - - - -

IN BOOKS.

Companionship with no one near,
Food for reflection, comfort, joy,
Rare wise advice that is sincere;
Good books are ever trusty friends.
In rain or shine they wait at hand,
What'er my mood I find them still
A cheery, patient, faithful band.

- Mrs. M. Willmott.

- - - - -

When you go out in the morning,
To begin the work of the day,
Don't neglect the little chances
You will find along the way;
For in lifting another's burden,
And speaking a word of cheer,
You will find your own cares lighter,
And easier for to bear.

- Mrs. F. S. Lovejoy,
Mae Duncalfe.

- - - - -

MOTHER OF MINE.

There are memories of yesterdays gold,
Before childish dreams have grown dim,
There are pictures of friends who with me have
grown old,
And my ears treasure still a loved hymn.
There are long country lanes and green woods and
bright fields,
There are phrases be jeweled and fine,
But the most precious my memory yields
Is that little Scotch Mother of Mine.

- Mrs. James Mitchell, Brandon.

- - - - -

IT COULDN'T BE DONE.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't" but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done and he did it.

(Edgar A. Guest)

- Dorothy G. Milne.

- - - - -

AN IRISH TOAST.

Here's to you, as good as you are.
Here's to me, as bad as I am,
But as good as you are; and as bad as I am,
I am as good as you are, bad as I am.

- Alex Carswell.

- - - - -

If a task is once be-gun, never leave it until its done.
Be the labour great or small, do it well or not at all.

- Mrs. Lyle Rasmussen.

- - - - -

KINDNESS.

I shall pass through this world but once, and good thing,
therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to
any human creature, let me do it now, let me not defer it,
nor neglect it, for it shall not pass this way again.

- Mrs. Wm. Nelson.

- - - - -

If I could learn to take defeat
While knowing that our work was good -
Nor let our courage e'er retreat
Past where assurance lately stood -
If we could summon up our will
To go ahead and conquer fate
Our steadfastness would spell success
E'en though for laurels we still wait.

- Fallis.

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"Oh, its just the little, friendly things,
The unobtrusive, kindly things,
The done-and-then-forgotten things,
That make the world seem bright."

- Mrs. H. R. Cox.

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PORT OF WISDOM.

The unwise are the jabbering ones,
Hurrying their words of love or hate,
Wisdom speaks slowly - if at all -
Content to listen long, and wait.

(D.Hoffman Wilson)

- George J. Hawkes.

- - - - -

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints in the sands of time.
Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Drifting o'er life's stormy main,
Some forelorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing may take heart again. (Longfellow)

- John A. Slator.

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FIFTY YEARS.

Fifty years you've lived together,
In both fair and stormy weather,
Which places you among the chosen few,
Who life's pathways firmly trod
To their goal and near to God,
And the world's a better place because of you.

(James a Mitchell)

-Mrs. Laura Gass, Vancouver.

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DO IT NOW.

O, weave no laurels 'round my head,
Nor sing my praise when I am dead;
If you have not the grace to give
The kindly word while yet I live,
You need not come to eulogize
And sound my virtues to the skies;
Why proffer garlands, to what avail
When I have passed beyond the pale?
A rose today, a kindly smile,
More pleasing far than after while. (W.H.S.)
- Mrs. B. E. Aspelund.

- - - - -

The talent of success is nothing more
Than doing what you can do well, and
Doing well whatever you do without a
Thought of fame, if it comes at all
It will come because it is deserved,
Not because it is sought after. (Longfellow)
- Doris Johnston.

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May God's mercy preserve thee, His power to protect,
His goodness uphold thee, and His wisdom direct.
- Mrs. Robert Gillespie.

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THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroken;
And the song from the beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

(Longfellow)

- Mrs. D. Gunter.

- - - - -

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
Yes, just what you are and do,
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

(Bridges)

- Marion Grant.

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OLD SONGS.

"Beautiful Isle of Somewhere", too
Twas one of Grandma's themes;
We were so small we little knew
About her Isle of Dreams.

But she has found that peaceful Isle,
And yet her song remains
And others loved and lost awhile,
Have left their favorite strains.

- Dorothy Bowlby, Lampman, Sask.

- - - - -

When sowing seeds,
Of friendly deeds
The less you keep
The more you reap.

(Christopher Bannister)

- E. M. Jenkins.

- - - - -

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are good and true,
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

- Mrs. Joe. Wells.

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GIVING.

In these days of dark depression
We are daily asked to give,
To extend a stalwart shoulder
That our fellow man may live,
And although sometimes it pinches,
And we feel we've done our part,
When we give our "little something"
Let us give it from the heart.

- Mrs. F. Alllen.
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